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Academic Writing & Grammar

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Multi genre (personal essay)

Drafet#2

6/16/2011

Reveling Secrets

In my short lifetime I experienced a lot of joy and happiness. However, sometimes I had problems as everyone, but I never complained about them. I tried to look at my problems from positive view. Unfortunately, my happy life did not last for long. Everything changed after my grandfather passed away. Even the way that I was looking at things changed to dark perceptive, so, good things looks awful to me. All of these changes were the effects of the unexpected death of my grandfather who though I love and respect of his personality and kindness, but there was an additional reason that I could not figure when he was alive.

The secret beyond this bond between me and my grandfather was in front my eyes all the time, but I never paid attention to it. It was something in my grandfather character that he did not want us to know about which was helping and serving people. Helping itself may seems not a big deal , but if the person who help others do it to people that he never met and knew is it a unique. That exactly what my grandfather did. He knew from his friend about a family who are desperately needed help. My grandfather wanted to see their house and under what condition they were live. He saw their place which was in the poorest neighborhoods in Saudi Arabia. My grandfather heart were broken and he decided to do something to help this family without making them embraced. And that how the long journey of helping started:

First, he put money under their door every month to do what their were not able to do before such as eating three meals a day , buy new close that fit their age and buy school stuff that the children did not have before. Second, he sent handymen to their house to fix what needed to be fix and to put an a/c in their house because our country is too hot in the summer and you can say that we do not have winter at all. Third, he did not want this family to rely on him forever. Therefore, he paid their college tuition to make them able to provide a better life for themselves and this last thing my grandfather did before he died.

When my grandfather died all of us were grieving, but could not imagine that another family that it was depend on him are grieving too even more than us. This family were worried about their superman when they did not receive their monthly payment and they tried to find out what happened to this person. After few moths they figured out that my grandfather was their superman and they came to our house and told us all the story. When we heard the story we were shocked, but in a good way. This story made me stop gravening, because the person who did all of these good action will never die.

Knowing these secrets made me proud of my grandfather and now I knew that the bond between me and him was not physical, but it was bond between our soles. because he was kind and helpful person not only for us- his family-, but for others that they never recognize him until he died.